

## Steve Harrington and the Thieving Thestral by runawayrunt

**Series:** [Prefect Steve Isn't Perfect But He Tries \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Harry Potter Setting, F/M, Fluff and Humor, Mom Steve, Multi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-06

**Updated:** 2017-11-06

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 14:40:27

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,639

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

However, his babysitting senses were tingling. Now, Steve is a cool guy. He's a super chill prefect. He wasn't a nagger like Barb in Gryffindor. He doesn't come off as a bit condescending like Nancy in Ravenclaw. He certainly wasn't aggressive like Billy in Slytherin. So why the hell did Merlin always put him in these kids' way path whenever they're out looking for trouble?

# Steve Harrington and the Thieving Thestral

## Author's Note:

The first in a series of short fics where Steve just runs around the Hogwarts castle, trying to make sure that his kids are safe.

I don't have a beta. Please inform me of errors.

Hope you like it!

Steve Harrington finally found the culprit. He saw his girlfriend's brother running through the corridor with his shoes and the bottom of his robes covered in mud. That alcoholic house elf - what was her name again? Topsy? - ragged on him for hours last Wednesday because the Hufflepuff common room had been soiled for the fourth time this week.

"Wheeler! How fucking hard is it to do a cleaning spell?" he barked at the younger boy.

Mike was in the middle of tapping the barrel to get into the room when he raised his head and frowned.

"Oh, it's you," he grumbled.

Steve did the saddest jazz hands and said, "Yeah. Just your House Prefect. Not like I'm supposed to get respect around here."

Mike rolled his eyes and muttered "Scourgify!" with his wand pointed at his dirty garments. He then got back to tapping the barrel and both of them went in when the entrance opened.

The Hufflepuff common room is the second coziest place in Hogwarts, right after The Room of Requirement. It was in a slightly garish yellow but had the comfiest couches ever that more than made up for the dismal color scheme. Back in the 80s, someone decked the place with the corniest motivational posters and the students have long since tweaked with it. He can see the Terry Crews portrait trying to perk up a first year studying for Potions. There were at least 3 dog

portraits with a banner saying "We don't deserve dogs!" on it.

He saw Mike hurriedly making his way to a nook where he usually just hung out with Will Byers. However, his babysitting senses were tingling. Now, Steve is a cool guy. He's a super chill prefect. He wasn't a nagger like Barb in Gryffindor. He doesn't come off as a bit condescending like Nancy in Ravenclaw. He certainly wasn't aggressive like Billy in Slytherin. So why the hell did Merlin always put him in these kids' way path whenever they're out looking for trouble? He was already getting called in the Headmaster Hopper's office twice a week just because a Hufflepuff is dating the bearded man's kid.

Resigning himself to his fate, he peeked in the nook and sure enough a petite girl with a green scarf was sharing one of the fat couches with Will. They were huddled over a piece of parchment and talking animatedly. He would have been terrified at the sight if it was Peeve's Pranking Season but luckily it was too early in the year for that. So he put on a stern look and strode over.

"Byers, didn't I tell you to stop sneaking in that Slytherin in here?"

"But I didn't. She comes here on her own," Will answered calmly.

Steve turned his gaze to the girl in question.

"It's too cold in our common room. Plus the elves only bring me snacks here. Dad said they don't like the squid. Compromise," Eleven pointed a finger at the plate of Eggos on their table.

Steve guessed that this was one of Hopper's little white lies backfiring. The castle pantry wasn't stocked for this kind of demand and Hopper didn't want to be accused of favoritism. The school had just put an end to the bickering between the house elves and some students who demanded a gluten free menu last month, he probably didn't want World War Snacks to ensue if the other kids found out about this. The man was probably ordered the elves not to give in to her whims but was oblivious to this covert transaction transpiring anyway. Steve could only wonder what the Charms prodigy did to get into their good graces. He could distinctly remember how Dustin Henderson failed in his attempt to bribe the elves for nougat bars.

"Are you done? We would like to get some privacy if you don't mind," Mike said frowning while he held the parchment behind his back.

"Okay. Just because I'm dating your sister doesn't mean that you get a free pass. Hand it over, Mike," Steve demanded. He was really getting tired of the boy always taking a piss on him. Was Jonathan getting the same treatment?

Mike relented and handed the parchment to him. It was a portrait of some beast that he had never seen. Steve spotted Will's signature at the bottom.

"What's this? Another one of your scary D&D beasts?" he finally said after a full minute of inspecting the drawing.

"No. El saw it in the Forbidden Forest," Will answered.

"You were wandering in the forest alone again? Your dad will be furious if-"

"Then don't tell him," Mike cut him off.

"I wasn't alone. I was with Mike," Eleven added. The freckled boy's cheeks colored at the revelation.

"Merlin! You can't just go off on little field trips on your own every time Professor Clarke gives a particularly inspired lecture," Steve reprimanded.

"We were on a date," Eleven explained. If Mike was looking a bit like a peach a second ago, now he was full on blushing like a tomato.

"Next time you take her on a date, just settle with the lakeside, Romeo. And please tell me you didn't attack this thing," Steve said, exasperated.

"I'm not a moron," Mike said, rolling his eyes.

"I'm the only one who saw it," El stated.

"Are you sure this was what you saw?" Steve questioned.

The girl just glowered in response.

"So you've never seen anything like it? Not even in your books?" Will asked.

Steve shook his head no. Then the group heard a staticky voice say, "Will! Will! Do you copy?"

Will took out what looked to be a walkie-talkie. The Wheeler siblings were Muggleborns and Mike had gifted each of his friends one of those last Christmas. Steve was of course not partial to it. Sneaking about in the castle only got easier for their little party.

"Didn't Keith confiscate those walkies from you?" Steve said.

"It's bad enough that the castle doesn't have electrical sockets. Battery operated stuff shouldn't be contraband," Mike complained.

Will just looked at the prefect sheepishly and mumbled a "Copy" into his device.

"Did Mike tell you what happened? Over," said the voice that sounded like Dustin's.

"Not yet. Steve's here. Over."

"Oh shit. Hey, Steve buddy. Anyway, see you guys at dinner. Over and out."

It didn't take much prodding from Steve to get the truth out of Mike. The boy was apparently covered in mud because him and his other friends were trying to lure the beast out again so that Dustin can do some inspection. They succeeded in doing so, only to find out that the beast was invisible to them. Max, who was holding a piece of meat, felt a slight tug as the meat started to disappear piece by piece. Lucas tried to give it pats and his description matched Will's drawing. Mike also confessed that he had hid little gifts for El in the woods a week prior and found them missing. He was hoping to find out where the beast was staying to get those back.

"Well, why don't you ask the groundskeeper? Or okay, maybe not Callahan. How about Nancy instead?" Steve suggested.

During dinner, Steve longed to take a spot at the Ravenclaw table where the kids were huddled where Nancy was seated beside Jonathan. As a prefect, he had to make sure that none of the kids on his table choked on their food. Hufflepuff had notorious overeaters during meals. It was a mystery because they always passed the kitchen to reach the dorms.

The hubbub at the Ravenclaw table was getting louder as he saw more students joining in on the conversation. Nancy called for someone down their table. He saw a girl walk up to them and he was pretty sure that was a Scamander second cousin twice removed. The matter seemed to be settled after a few minutes and the Ravensclaws disbanded into their own little groups again.

After dinner, Steve cornered his best friends before they went up the tower.

"So what was it?" he probed.

"A thestral," the other two said in unison.

"Well? Is it dangerous?" he was almost afraid to get an answer.

"It's basically a skeletal horse. Pretty cool to be honest. Nothing to be afraid of," Jonathan assured.

"You worry too much, Mom Steve. But you can tell Mike to stay off Thestral Paddock if you'd like," Nancy added.

"Please don't call me that, Nance. Also, why is the—thestral is it?—invisible?"

"We're in a bit of a hurry tonight. We'll tell you everything we know about it tomorrow," Nancy said distractedly.

The two then went in for a hug and kissed either side of Steve's cheeks before running off.

"Sorry. Astronomy night at the common room. We're having a NASA quiz contest," Jonathan shouted as they ran up the stairs.

Steve headed back to his dorm room where he complained about the

unfairness of it all to his roommate. Taking pity on him, the other guy offered to give him a nice foot massage. Ravenclaw House might have his two favorite people but the renowned Hufflepuff massages come as a nice consolation.

The next day, he spotted El in their common room again. Mike was looking at her adoringly from his side of the couch. Spread between them were little Muggle trinkets. Steve told himself that he was only glad because this meant that the kids' trips to the forest would at least be minimized.

But as he took a final glance at the brunette girl holding a Discman—like the one Nancy got Jon for his birthday—and the boy who was staring at her with slightly sad, adoring eyes, he had to admit that he did feel a bit like Mom Steve.

**Author's Note:**

Mike kind of has a stick up his butt here but he'll come around.

If you want to discuss house placements, leave a comment. :)